

Choice Poetry.

Lines in answer to "The Song of the Student."

And art thou and weary?
Thou pleasure lost his tone?
Have all thy joys departed,
And art thou all alone?
Do the cold, sad wintry winds
Chill that heart of thine—
And for a southern home
Dost thou sigh pine?
Right not because the angry winds
Moan sadly o'er the plain,
Nor soon their reign is o'er,
And spring returns again;
The balmy breeze whistling low,
No cloud the skies obstruct—
No more we hear the sadling sound
Of the cold, cold northern blast.
Though in this northern land of ours,
Where pearls of frost and snow
Are playing frolic on the mighty winds
That through the valleys flow,
Still the balmy breeze of Spring
Melts the snow away,
And we behold again
The bright blue skies of May.
Let not the winter of the heart
Come, with its saddest thrills,
And o'er the sun-light of the now,
The darkest shadow fling;
For spring-time of the heart ever o'er,
In dearer waters gleam—
And o'er we dearly loved of yore,
Now cause a thrill of pain.
Then may a sunny home be thine,
In a far southern land,
Where the merry brook is soothed
By the touch of breezes bland;
Where sits the "dark-eyed maiden,"
With the broad palm-tree,
Accompanied by her "light guitar,"
Softly singing a strain to thee,
Fayetteville, Pa., 1856.

"Every Cloud has Silver Lining."

Still thou'rt thou throbbing heart,
And wistful eye depart;
Let sunny smiles,
Soft, whispering wiles,
Chase away all sad repining;
Even when shadows fright,
Soon there is coming light:
"Every cloud has silver lining."
What, then, the shadows fall
In darkness like a pall—
See ye no way?
No dawn of day?
A bright thread in darkness shining?
Is o'er all:
(Giving great and small,
For every cloud, silver lining.)
Gather up falling tears,
Smile away dismal fears,
Even now "dawn light"
(Shine on the dark night!)
Sorrow has been refining!
Soon comes the sunny beam,
That seems a fading dream,
Seen thro' the "clouds" silver lining.

Miscellaneous.

"Know Me as an Enemy."
Know me as your enemy! Yes; be a man, be a woman—honest and frank—and if you really hate us, be above deception. Away with your Judas kisses. Don't hold that confiding hand in yours a half an hour, telling us how much you are interested in our welfare, how cordially you wish us success; and then speak our name disrespectfully to the next friend you meet, magnifying our faults, laughing at our weakness, and telling our secrets, which we had confided to your care, thinking your bosom a perfect "Salamander safe," which even the fire of persecution would fail to extract from thence.

Don't speak in those soft, tender, lute-like tones to us, and with that serpent's hiss behind our back. Don't flatter our vanity, until we undertake some foolish scheme for the furtherance of fame or fortune, which you know, (being more worldly wise,) will result ultimately in our mortification, if not in our ruin.

Don't cry about our poverty, and cheat us in a bargain before your handkerchief is dry. Don't manifest your affection by intruding upon our working hours, until we have given you the greater share of our precious time without any earthly compensation.

Words cost nothing; if you are a friend, prove it by deeds—give us available sympathy, not empty pity. Pity is a fleshless bone, only fit for dogs; it wounds oftener than it heals; it has a fine vocabulary—"Poor thing!" "Poor fellow!" "Alas, how fallen!" "I would like to help you, but it is not convenient."

And there we lie, floundering in the mud of despair, while Mistress Pity, having made her speech, walks coldly on; but sympathy silently takes us by the hand, unites her strength with ours, until we overcome our difficulties; and hardly listening to our earnest thanks, points to a bright tomorrow.

Away with milk and water friendship! Know me as a friend, or "know me as an enemy." He is a wolf in wool, who amuses us with pleasant words, while he knows the almost mortal struggle of the soul with poverty and care, nor lifts a finger in our behalf. Oh, company—don't waste us any love-letters—don't break your neck in making low obeisances—fight openly for me, or fight openly against me; or get out of the way that we may have time to forget you.

THE FATAL CONCEALMENT.

Watson disappeared. I turned the key of the outer door and sprang towards the closet. As I unlocked it I remember the look she gave me when I shut it. I wondered with a beating heart, whether the same expression would meet my enraptured gaze when I opened it. There she stood with her eyes calmly fixed on mine.

"You are safe, dearest," I murmured. She did not rebuke me for calling her so, and emboldened by her silence, I took her hand to lead her from her narrow prison. She moved forward and fell into my arms—a corpse.

I cannot recall what followed. I only know that every means was tried for her restoration to life; but alas! without success. Of one thing I was firmly convinced—she had not died from suffocation. I recollected her purple swollen face, and her warm limbs; she was pale, rigid and cold. The tumult of her own emotions must have killed her, as the door was closed upon her. By some means I kept my secret from the knowledge of Watson and everyone else. All that night I was trying to recover her. Then I formed the project of shutting her up in the closet; looking up the clammers and going abroad for twenty years. But the idea was rejected as soon as formed; for it would be hardly possible that the presence of a dead body in the house should not be discovered before that time. Next I thought setting fire to the place, burning all my books and papers, making a funeral pile of them, and thus ruining myself to preserve the secret. But that thought, too, was dismissed. It might cause loss of life and property to many innocent people, and would be a bungling proceeding after all; and if this fire was discovered early, policemen, firemen, mob, all would break in, and finding the body there, all would be lost! for it was more to save her reputation than my life, that I was thus striving and plotting.

In the meantime I was the prey of the most fearful anxiety. I was sure she must have been missed and sought for and perhaps she had been seen to enter my chamber. Every step that I heard I feared might be that of a policeman. In the morning a stranger called on business. "This, of course, was nothing unusual, but when he was gone I felt that he was a detective officer and had come as a spy. I thrust a few clothes into a carpet bag, intending to escape to France. I caught up a box of matches to set the place on fire. I grasped a razor, and looked closely at its edge as the surest and swiftest way of ending my misery. But then all these would leave her to the jests of the world, and my own sufferings were nothing in comparison. At this distance of time I can look back impartially and coolly upon that dreadful day, and I could only declare that I would rather be hanged for murdering her than to have allowed a breath to sully her fair name.

I had just laid down the razor when a hurried step crossed the ante-room. It was her husband's. Now, I thought, all is lost. She was seen to enter here, and he has come to claim her.

"My dear," he began in a nervous, unsettled way, "you remember the business that I came about yesterday?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you remember the words I used as I was going? I mean in answer to what you said about my not being able to touch this money until after the death of my wife?"

"Yes, I remember them distinctly."

"My wife has disappeared since yesterday morning," he continued, turning more pale than before, "and if anything serious should have happened, you know, and should you repeat those expressions, they might be laid hold of, and I don't know what might be the consequences. I might be suspected of having murdered her."

Poor fellow! If I had not known the truth I should have suspected it myself for his excessive terror and anxiety. He wiped the perspiration from his face and sunk into a chair. The sight of a person frightened more than myself reassured me. I was calmer than I had been since the preceding morning.

"Where did she go?—how was she dressed?" I inquired, anxious to hear all that I could on the subject.

"I don't know. She told me she was going shopping and visiting, but no one saw her leave the house, and none of the servants know how she was dressed. When I went home to dinner the first thing I heard was that she had not returned."

"What have you done?—have you sent to the police and to the hospital?"

"Yes, and to every friend and tradesman where she would be likely to call."

"You may depend upon it," I replied very impressively, "that I will not repeat what you said yesterday. You are right in supposing that it might tell against you very much if she should be found dead under suspicious circumstances."

He talked a little longer, and then went to renew the search of his wife. How I preserved my self-possession during this interview, I do not know; so far from being really calm, I could have gnawed the flesh off my bones in agony.

That night, when the doors were fastened and I was alone, I shut myself up in the closet for two hours, to ascertain whether she died for want of air; for I distrusted my own knowledge of the appearance of suffocated persons. The place was well supplied with air from a couple of crevices.

My first idea was correct. She had died from some other cause.

When I emerged from the closet, I found that the light was intensely dark. It was

raining in torrents, and the thunder and wind roared in terrific chorus, passed by the sullen booming of the river, then a high tide and already swelled by the rain. I sat there in the dark upon the floor; holding the cold, still hand of death within my own. I thought dreamily how often it had welcomed me with its soft pressure, while its sweet eyes beamed brightly into mine, and the full pouting lips had breathed into dimples of delight. Now, that hand that used to be so plump, so full of warmth of life, was cold! Those lips were clammy and hard. Tears came to my relief. I wept as grown men seldom weep, and with that heart-easing gush came a new idea to her and me. I was to believe at that moment that her spirit rested on mine and inspired the thought, for it burst upon me suddenly—with a conviction that if executed at the instant, it would be crowned with success. How could I otherwise have the temerity to snatch her up in my arms, carry her down stairs, at a risk of being encountered by some of the other inmates of the house, bear her through the court, and by a way I knew, into the garden.

The river was running strong and deep against the wall. I pressed one kiss upon her cold forehead, and threw her into the stream. Gladly would I have gone with her, and held her to my breast until death; but the impulse was still on me, and the beating rain effaced my footsteps.

A few days afterward I saw by the papers that her body had been found far down the river. The medical evidence, after a post-mortem examination, was that she died from rupture of the heart, and that her death took place before her immersion in the water. So they conjectured that she had been standing by the river when her fatal attack seized her, and she had fallen in unperceived; and they returned a verdict of accidental death, and buried her in a pretty churchyard near where they found her.

I shall die a bachelor. I am lean and pale, and bowed down and gray haired, and the sound of my laugh is strange to me.

Sleep.

Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact, that the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep. If then we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac!

The practical inferences which we wish to impress upon the reader are two:

1st. By all means, sleep enough, give all who are under your sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out.

2. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; for then the brain has most strength, most activity, and must work more clearly. It is the "midnight lamp" which floods the world with sickly sentimentalities, with false morals, with rickety theology, and with all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation, which abnegate Bible teachings.

A Word to Boys.

Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of darkly-grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age?—boys like you assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look around upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon your possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers. Men of the future, are all boys who cannot reach the floor, when seated upon the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

Human Elevation.

"I know," says Clanning, "but one elevation of a human being, and that is the elevation of the soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands, or what he possesses; and with it, he towers—he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same in all. The only elevation of the human being consists in the exercise, growth and energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upward to the skies by a foreign force, but it rises in the true sense of the word only when it spreads its own wings and soars by its own living power. So man may be thrust upward in a conspicuous place by outward accidents, but he rises only so far as he exerts himself, and expands his best faculties, and he ascends up by a free effort, to a noble region of thought and action."

Dean Swift says he never knew a man rising to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin says, "who rises late may toil all day but never overtake his business."

Courtship consists in a number of quiet attentions not so important as to alarm or so vague as not to be understood.

Taking the Assessment.

The following story we find in the last West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter:—

When the immortal Col. — was assessor of a neighboring parish, he was wont to have a fine old time. One day as he was assessing the valuables of the occupants of a log cabin, situated in the Pine wood, he in his usual urbane manner, "popped the questions," to the old woman, while the old man had gone to procure some "corn oil" wherewith to regale his guest.

"How many horses, cattle, sheep, chickens, &c, have you got, my dear madam, and how much are they worth?"

"Well, thar's three old horses, but they ain't worth a cent—three cows, but they've bin lost this spring two years—nary sheep, 'cept my old man, and he ain't worth a cuss; but he allers votes the Demmocrat ticket, and buys his whiskey by the jug when he can get it a heap cheaper by the bar!"

The chickens were all stole the other night, an' I hope to massy they'll pizen the scamp that hooked 'em."

"Very satisfactory estimate of your valuables, particularly about the old man—but here's something worth assessing (pointing to a dirty little urchin about five years old that was clinging to the old woman's gown) how much do you value that little nigger at?"

"Little nigger! snakes alive! you infernal old rascal, do you dare call my child a nigger? Clar out o' here, or I'll knock the daylight out o' you in a minnit. O my! to think I should live to be forty odd next class meeting, and to hear my own child called a nigger by such a fellow as you!"

By this time the old woman had worked herself up to a pitch of ungovernable fury, and raising her voice to a shrill yell, she called out to the old man to come quick and "ebaw the Colonel up," and we are compelled by an inward regard for veracity, to record that the Colonel's old boy made six miles of bad road in better time than Leconte ever did in his palmist days. A deputy was sent to attend to the unfinished business in the settlement, and the Colonel's remembrance of that day's work has "hoisted" him into other extremes, for the last and biggest fight he was in was occasioned by his entering upon his record when taking the last census—six little mulattos as the children of one of his constituents.

Managing a Husband.

"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith!"

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make. Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pantry room that my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things the while."

"Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down, in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of the sugar I'm using."

"Well, you see, it drives me frantic!—and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death such weather; that if he wasn't capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lone-some rainy days—and that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at any rate he musn't go out; and I hid his umbrella and India rubbers. Well of course he was righteud up; (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down street at the rate of ten knots an hour."

"You see there is nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted in this branch of her education."—Fanny Ferns.

Pulpit Fact.

The N. Y. Times says, a well known clergyman, up town, gave a hard hit to his congregation, which on account of the storm had not been very numerous for the two previous Sabbaths. An agent of a Benevolent Society for sailors, having pleaded excuse, Dr. — got up and stated that the Society should commend itself especially to that large part of the congregation, which on the two Sabbaths before had manifested its sympathy for the poor storm-driven mariner, by staying at home to pray for him.

An amusing anecdote is told of a clergyman, a very superior and excellent man, though at times rather prone to fit of ab-sence or mental abstraction. One fine summer day he had occasion to cross a brook, the bed of which, though by no means considerable, was yet too wide to be cleared at a bound. In these circumstances, the thought struck him that he would save time and trouble to strip off one shoe and stocking, and then hop through to the other side. Accordingly, he did so; but unfortunately, on entering the water, he put the wrong foot in requisition, and discovered, when he gained the opposite bank, that he had drenched the clothed limb nearly to the knee, while the naked one remained as dry and comfortable as a leg, or a knee, or a brace of them, can well be.

Appearance Deceptive.—Disappointed Tripodist.—"Well if this ain't a scandal! Here's this feller been about again with this here yaller chain, and when I pulls it out there's no watch in the end of it. The conduct of these flashy clerks is enough to break the heart of a poor fellow like me, who has to depend on his trade for a livin'."

Dr. Franklin used to say, that rich widows were the only piece of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

How Brother Clarke got in the Tobacco Juice.

A few years ago, when Parson Bacon, a colonial old gentleman from Penn Yan, New York, who occasionally warned the sinner of his doom, was enjoining in the great lumber region of Pine creek, in Lycoming county, he was invited to deliver a discourse one evening at an old school house. The Parson was always ready to attend to an invitation of this kind, and, as he was to preach to the sturdy lumbermen, he was doubly anxious and readily assented. The evening for the engagement soon arrived, and on re-appearing to the school house he found a large audience already assembled.

The service was opened in the usual manner and the parson was very eloquent, and dwelt for some time upon the necessity of speedy repentance on the part of the sinner if he wished to enjoy salvation. Nothing unusual occurred till near the close of the exercises, when he observed Brother Clarke (the same man that had the adventure with the bear in Potter county, recently) seated near a sturdy Vermonteer, clad in a red shirt, furiously chewing an enormous quid of tobacco, and squirting the juice all around until the floor was completely flooded. Immediately on this discovery the idea—some may call it wicked—entered his head to perpetrate a joke on Brother Clarke, and he called on him to close the meeting with prayer, knowing very well that he would be compelled to kneel down in the sea of tobacco juice. He looked around mournfully for a moment, but there was no other alternative, and then slowly unfolded his clean handkerchief, placed it under his knees, and then offered up a prayer remarkable for its brevity. During its delivery the Parson was quietly watching him from behind the desk, and smiling at the joke.

After the meeting was dismissed, and they were passing out, Parson Bacon sidled up to Brother Clarke and innocently observed:—

"It is too bad that these dirty fellows should come here and squirt their tobacco-juice around in such a vulgar manner, making it impossible for the sisters to pass out without spoiling their dresses."

"Yes," replied Brother Clarke in a pitiful tone, "it is indeed ridiculous. Just look how my pocket handkerchief is ruined!" at the same time drawing it from his pocket, completely saturated with the filthy fluid.

The Parson was one ahead this time, and was obliged to turn aside and enjoy a sly laugh at the expense of Brother Clarke. He is more careful where he sits in meeting now.

Etiquette of the Road.

It is related of Mr. Webster and Mr. Mason, that they were once riding the circuit together in the winter season. The snow was deep, and the weather cold, and both were muffled in buffaloes. Mr. Mason was an uncommonly tall man, and Mr. Webster, it is well known, had a very deep voice, amounting at times almost to a growl. On the road where it was not very easy turning out, they met a bluff countryman, with his ox team, who shook his good at them and sang out:—

"Turn out there—turn out!"

They gave him half the track, but he insisted upon the whole, and began to threaten. When Mr. Mason began to rise and rise until he had got up six feet and more, and to the astonished view of the teamster, seemed to be going higher, when Mr. Webster growled out in the most bearish manner:—

"Turn out yourself, sir!"

"Gee, gee," cried the teamster, "why don't you gee?" putting the bridle into his own as he cleared the track for what, in his astonished vision, appeared a brace of giants.

This anecdote reminds us of the case of the gentleman who was riding with a span new turn-out, when he was saluted by a teamster he was about meeting, with an imperative order:—

"Turn out, there! turn out! or I will serve you as I did the man the other day."

Our owner of the gay equipage, not caring to risk his carriage in an encounter with an ox cart, took up a position on the extreme right, and waited patiently for the despiser of vehicles to pass. He could not, however, resist his curiosity to know what dreadful thing the cartman did do; and so, leaning his head out of the carriage, he asked him with the inquiry:—

"How did you serve the man the other day?"

"How did I serve him?" replied the teamster, "why, he wouldn't turn out, so I turned out myself."—Boston Transcript.

An Irishman Dissolving the Union.

By way of illustrating the supreme folly of the cry about the dissolution of the Union, Lieut. Gov. Ford related, the other evening, in his own inimitable manner, the following capital story:—

"Disolve the Union!" said Ford: "I should like to see them attempt to disolve the Union. Why, this silly cry reminds me of an Irishman who went down into a well to clean it out. When he was through he made the signal to be hauled up. His companions, who were determined to have a joke at his expense, hauled him up about half way and then stopped. There he lay, no way to get up—no safe way to get down, if that were desirable. He begged and entreated, but it was of no use. He stormed and raved, but it did no good. At last he sang out, 'Haul me out, ye spalpeens, or, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll be after cutting the rope!'"

"Let them cut the rope, if they like the plunge," was Ford's application of the story.

Take a Paper for your Wife.

A friend, says an exchange, told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers, which contains a good moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives, which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances:—

The subscriber referred to, said it had been his intention to call at the office, pay up his arrears, and discontinue the paper. His wife very promptly asked:—

"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be little use in my taking the paper."

"Yes," replied she, "it may be but little use to you, but it is great use to me. I remain at home while you are gone. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe myself!"

In youth we seem to be climbing a hill, on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain the summit! But when we have attained it, how different is the prospect on the other side. We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is a portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest: there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idol vanity: there are those too who have heard its still small voice amid rural leisure and placid retirement. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during the seasons of affliction, and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart.

An eloquent writer has said, "thou shouldst pray alone, for thou hast signed alone, art to die alone, and be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat! You can be free before God. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion."

A Great City in Central America.

Mr. Brown, a Baptist Missionary, sent out from Florida, in his journal mentions a visit made last April to Horrio, the capital of the Kingdom of Yoreba. He speaks of it as about the largest town, with the exception of London, that he has seen. He describes the inhabitants as a peculiar people, with whom he was much pleased—mostly black, and some nearly white, hair between that of a negro and a white man's beard; good European features—some of their noses would even be considered sharp in America. Again he speaks of them as "that superior class or race of men who have jet black skins, with European features, and large beard. They are sometimes called white black men."

The Washington correspondent of the Savannah Journal, thus sketches Senator Douglas:—

"Mr. Douglas, let me say to the reader who does not know him, is a short man with small legs, large body, and large intellectual looking head. He is not fat looking, but full, firm and stout, having thick black hair and whiskers, a rather square face, fine mouth, and jaws that close with emphasis while he is speaking. He moves about while he speaks, and gesticulates with naturalness. His voice is strong and clear, and appears to be perfectly within his control. His words are uttered with great force and his language is fair but not accurate, for he has a good many of the conversational idiosyncracies of the localities in which he has lived. His whole appearance, manner and voice, however, keep each auditor constantly in mind of the fact that he is a powerful little giant, with a powerful will and a powerful resolute when crossed."

A Man with Nine Wives.—The notorious Nathan Brown, the most remarkable bigamist ever known in America, was brought by officer Elliott the other day, from near Jeffersonville, Indiana, under a requisition from Gov. Chase. He is reported to have nine living wives! His practice has been to live with each about three months, get hold of their property and desert them. He is now safe in Butler county jail, at the instance of his seventh wife, a resident of this city. The old sinner is fifty-three years of age, and has married three wives within two years.—Hamilton (O.) Intelligencer.

To Make a Balky Horse Draw.

The London Times gives a remedy which proved successful. After all sorts of means had been tried and failed it was suggested that a simple remedy used in India should be tried—that is, to get a small rope and attach it to one of the forefeet of the stubborn animal, the person holding the end of the rope to advance a few paces, taking with him the horse's foot, when, as a matter of course, the horse must follow. The suggestion was at first ridiculed, but at last a rope was brought and applied as described, when the horse immediately advanced, and in a few moments was out of sight, much to the amazement of the crowd. This experiment is simple and worth a trial.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when they are once set to going.

There is a man living near Albany, N. Y. who believes implicitly in the doctrine of rotation of crops. One year he raised nothing, the next weeds.

Old Dog Tray.

M. Charles R—, a poor author, living in the outskirts of Paris, had owing to him a debt of five hundred and twenty francs, which he never expected to get, so long had it been due, and so often had he applied in vain for it.

However, finding himself entirely without money, a situation by no means uncommon among authors, he resolved to try the non-paying debtor once more.

What were his amazement and delight, when a note of five hundred francs and a twenty franc piece were placed in his hands. Regarding it as an absolute providence, he resolved to change the gold piece, and testify his gratitude to heaven by giving it in alms on his way home.

Placing the note in his pocket-book, he fulfilled his very benevolent design, and no beggar applied in vain to him during his long walk.

As he drew near home, a wretched little dog came to him, and besought his attention to his starving condition. At any other time he might have rudely driven it away, but this evening his heart was open, and he concluded to take the poor brute with him. True, his wife hated dogs, but he trusted to his good fortune to soothen her heart as it had his.

It was quite dark when he reached home, and he entered the house with his dog close to his heels.

"What is that?" cried the lady, preparing to drive the intruder out of the door.

"Only a poor little dog I have made bold to bring home with me. But listen, wife, to my good fortune."

As he related the story, the good lady became mollified, and the little dog was almost forgotten.

"See, here is the money, safe in my pocketbook," concluded the husband, putting his hand in his pocket to furnish the proof of his story.

But no pocket book was there! It was gone! And despair seized the poor author's heart.

Rage again rose in the good wife, and the dog was an admirable scapegoat. Seizing a stick—

"Get out of my house!" she cried.—

"But for attending to you, that stupid man would not have lost his money."

But the dog would not move, and cowered closer to the feet of his friend who had not now the heart to save him. So, lifting him in her arms, the angry lady prepared forcibly to eject him when lo! there tightly grasped in his mouth was the missing pocket-book, which the absence of the dog had prevented their seeing before. It had fallen through a rent in the man's pocket, and the grateful creature had picked it up and kept it safely till discovered.

There is at this day no more honored member of the author's family than the now fat and sleek dog, who ever occupies the warmest corner of the hearth.

How to get early Potatoes.

The Mercer is quite early, but there are other varieties at least two weeks before it in ripening, and nearly equal in quality. If possible, get these for the experiment. If you have a hot bed, split the potatoes lengthwise, and lay them upon the bed in rows as thick as you can place them, and cover them with about two inches of mould. In three weeks they will be well up, and furnished with roots several inches in length. They can be set out early in April as you would set out a cottage plant. They should be taken up carefully from the hot bed, and the plants separated by hand. There will not be a full yield by this method, but they will mature about three weeks before the same variety planted in the open ground.

If you have no hot bed, and will not take the trouble to make one, you can put a barrel or two of potatoes by the kitchen fire or in any warm place about the first of March. The eyes will immediately begin to start and roots will soon form. If they are mounded with a little water occasionally, the process will be hastened. As soon as the ground is sufficiently open, take them carefully from the barrel and plant them. They should not be left until the roots are matted together, lest they be broken. This will hasten the ripening of potatoes several days.

A piece of ground, with a slope to the south or south-east, is most desirable for early crops. This slope should be trenched two spits deep at least, and well manured with horse dung fresh from the stable. The trenching will carry off all superfluous water from the surface, and thus increase the heat of the soil. The manure in its fermentation will still further raise the temperature, and push forward the process of vegetation. Thus there are four sources of accelerated growth to the plant—the sprouting, the more direct rays of the sun, the drainage caused by trenching, and the extra heat of the manure. The potatoes should have frequent hoeing until a month before digging. They will not be quite so early as those transplanted from the hot bed, but will reach maturity soon enough to pay for extra labor. If you wish for early potatoes, make your preparations now.—Am. Agriculturist.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when they are once set to going.

There is a man living near Albany, N. Y. who believes implicitly in the doctrine of rotation of crops. One year he raised nothing, the next weeds.

The War in Florida.

On the afternoon of the 5th inst. a party of Florida volunteers overtook the Indians (seven in number) who on the 31st ultimo, attacked Dr. Braden's residence; and placed them on the Manatee and carried off some of his negroes and mules. The Indians were camped on the south bank of the Big Charley Apopka Creek and appeared to be confident of safety. When they were discovered a portion of the volunteers crossed the creek, whilst the remainder halted on the opposite side, thus surrounding the Indians. A party of the volunteers then advanced and fired a volley at the Indians, by which two of them were shot. The other five immediately threw themselves into the river, and are supposed to have been drowned. The two Indians who fell at the first fire were scalped. The party then buried the Indian baggage and started towards Manatee with the negroes and mules, and also one of the captured Indians, who was not dead. He had not proceeded far, however, before he fell, and was shot. One of the scalps was sent to Manatee and the other to Tampa for the examination of the scalping party. The Indians were then taken to the Manatee and the scalping party then started towards Manatee and the scalping party then started towards Manatee.

The scalping party (it says) is the legitimate weapon of the savage—the natural child of the forest, into whose mind has never been reflected the light of civilization and humanity; it has no place in the hands of the Christian warrior. Let the savage be as cruel and merciless as he may, it does not become us to retaliate by imitating his barbarities. We had hoped that the page in our country's history which records the fact that an American soldier had mutilated the dead body of his fallen foe would never be written. Such an occurrence is a disgrace to us as a people, and we trust we may never be called to chronicle its repetition.

Frores, and Deprived by Wolves.

The death of Dr. R. N. Ripley in one of the most melancholy occurrences of the past season. The doctor, in company with a Mr. McClelland, left Glenwood, about the last of February, for the purpose of locating a road to the new town of Forestville. They lost their way on the prairie, but wandered on until the last of March, when they reached Round Lake, five miles from the proposed town. More the doctor made down exhausted, and would make no further, despite every exertion of his companion to induce him to proceed. Mr. McClelland succeeded in reaching a deserted cabin at Forestville, where he remained in a fainting condition twenty days, until the arrival of a party of surveyors who were to follow him and the doctor. Mr. McClelland was taken to Shokonee by the company, and is now under the care of physicians at that place. Both of his feet were so badly frozen, as to render amputation necessary above the ankles. The remains of Dr. Ripley have been recovered, partly devoured by the wolves. The doctor was much esteemed by all who knew him. He was about 28 years of age, and a native of the State of New York. — *St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer, April 1.*

Death of a Son of Molly Ritcher.

The Carle (Pa.) Democrat notices the death in that place, on Thursday week, of Sergeant John L. Hays, an old resident of Carlisle and a soldier of the war of 1812. Sergeant Hays was born on the day of the battle of Lexington, and was consequently 85 years old. He was the son of Molly Ritcher, who distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth, and of whom the "Life of Washington" gives the following account: "It was during this part of the battle, when Lee was struggling nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him, that an Irishman, while serving at his gun, was shot down. His wife, Molly, but twenty-two years old, employed herself, while he lay dead, in bringing water from a spring near by. While returning with a supply she saw him fall and heard the commanding officer order the gun to be taken to the rear. She immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last. The next morning General Greene, who had been struck with her bravery, immediately promoted her to be sergeant, and afterwards put her name on the half-pay list for life. Previous to this she fed the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Mifflin."

At the close of the Revolution Molly took up her residence in Carlisle, where she was known as Molly McCauley. She lived to an advanced age, much respected by all, and was buried with military honors.

The Moravian Church.

Among the various Christian denominations, there is, perhaps, none more unpretending than the Moravian. Its ministry and membership seem to move forward in their particular work without any effort at noise or show.

They are comparatively few as to numbers; yet, in proportion to their strength, no denomination has accomplished as much as they have in self-denying labors to spread the gospel, especially on the foreign field. A very large proportion of their ministry is made up of missionaries, many of whom are to be found spending their energies and their lives for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the most uninviting portions of heathenism. They deserve great respect and praise for what they have already done and are still doing, and will doubtless receive their reward, if not in this world, at least in the world to come. They have ever been the fast friends of education, as their dominating objects of long standing at such places as Bethlehem and Lititz fully testify. They have also had their periodicals, both in the German and English languages, regularly issued for a considerable length of time, which have always been full of their intelligence, piety and great activity, especially on the missionary field. A paper devoted to the interests of the church, has lately been commenced in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Robert De Swinfield, formerly of this city, as one of the editors. — *Lat. Examiner.*

George S. Chase, of Waltham, presented Rebecca Cook, up in Vermont, with a gold watch and chain, and afterwards wanted to get them back, which proposition she refused. He then instructed that she was a thief, and the fact that she brought him a chain. It was lost, and the reference gave her \$500 damages and costs.

An Awful Scene.

The London Times, giving an account of the execution of a man in front of Newgate, for the murder of his wife and children, says: "When the signal was given, the chair on which the wretched man was seated, of course gave way with the drop, and consequently the fall was not nearly so great as it is under ordinary circumstances; and at this dreadful moment the prisoner attempted to carry out the desperate struggle for life which he had evidently contemplated. The sound of the falling drop had scarcely died away when there was a shriek from the crowd of 'He is up again,' and to the horror of every one it was found that the prisoner, by a strong muscular effort, had drawn himself up completely to the level of the drop, that both his feet were resting upon the edge of it and he was vainly endeavoring to raise his hands to the rope."

One of the officers immediately rushed upon the scaffold, and pushed the wretched man's feet from the rope, but in vain; by a violent effort, he threw himself to the other side, and again succeeded in getting both of his feet on the edge of the drop. Calcraft, who had left the scaffold imagining that all was over, was called back; he seized the wretched criminal, but it was with considerable difficulty that he forced him from the scaffold, and he was again suspended.

The short relief the wretched man had obtained from the pressure of the rope by these desperate efforts had probably enabled him to breathe, and to the astonishment and terror of all the spectators, he a third time succeeded in placing his feet upon the platform, and again with his hand he vainly attempted to reach the fatal cord. Calcraft and two or three other men then again forced the wretched man's feet from their hold, and his legs were held down until the final struggle was over. While this fearful scene was being enacted, the bells of the different neighboring churches were ringing merrily upon the announcement of peace, offering a sad contrast to the melancholy proceeding.

Unexpected Recovery.

About thirty-nine years ago, the late Charles Gasaway, of Loudoun county, Va., while on his way to Winchester, stopped for the night at a hotel on the mountain above Salekroved. In the morning, after he had proceeded some distance on his way, he discovered that his pocket book, containing four hundred dollars, was gone. He returned to the hotel, where he and the proprietor of the house made due search; but the money was not found. Some time afterwards, he indirectly heard that the money had been found by an individual who was at the hotel that night, but his whereabouts could not be ascertained.

After Mr. G.'s death his executor, F. W. Lockert, of this town, took the matter in hand and lately found the residence of the party in a Western State, where he had accumulated a handsome property, probably from the start given by this \$400. One day last week two sons of the individual who found the money, called upon Mr. L., and compromised it with him by paying seven hundred and twelve dollars. So, gentlemen, you who have lost your pocket books, don't despair until thirty-nine years have elapsed. — *Leesburg Washingtonian.*

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

The New York Mirror says that Dr. Carnahan, an eminent surgeon of that city, has recently performed an operation for neuralgia of an almost incredible character. The patient had been tortured with neuralgia in the face for seven years, and had submitted to various treatments by distinguished physicians and surgeons without obtaining permanent relief. Dr. Carnahan undertook the novel and hazardous operation of trepanning the cheek bone and sheeling out the root of the inflamed nerve which caused all the suffering. This he accomplished with the aid of chloroform, the operation lasting nearly one hour. When the nerve was cut off the patient jumped up mechanically; but on recovering his consciousness he had no memory of the pain. He is now doing well; and for the first time in many years can eat and sleep in peace.

TRIAL OF A MAN FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE.—Sudden Appearance of the Wife in the Court Room.—At Cleveland, on Saturday last, an examination took place before E. Q. Hosenmuller, of Michael Wyngert, for the murder of his wife. This prosecution was induced by the sudden appearance of the woman about six weeks since, and it was supposed, from the habit of treatment to which she was subjected, that she had been murdered. No trace of her could be found, and this statement of the defendant confirmed the suspicion. The evidence had been heard, and though it was circumstantial, the probability of the murder was strongly sustained.

At this juncture—the court room being densely crowded by excited spectators—the woman alleged to have been murdered made her appearance, to the great surprise and gratification of all, and especially of the culprit on trial. The woman had abandoned her high lord, and sought the asylum for the poor at the lunatic asylum, where, sick and forlorn, she had received care and cure. She, of course, was totally ignorant of the charge of murder against her husband, and it was only by accident that the intelligence came to those who were cognizant of the trial, and she was sought out and produced at the Court to the pleasant astonishment of all concerned.

Making Loans by Rule.—We never had much faith in making loans by set rules and regulations. We never believed in the major part of inspiring the tender past. But, Professor Bland, of New York, decides against us, and all the world is running after his new book of "Marriage made Easy." It instructs the wisest clown how to make the women of his choice fall in love with him. It enables him to win her heart and hand, and to make himself happy. Such things used to be considered impossible; but live and learn in our motto—"Live and learn." See advertisement in another column.

Horrible Accident in the Crimea.—On the night of March 17th a shocking accident occurred on the slope above Kanikoi in the burning of some wooden huts, occupied by men of the commissariat work corps. Notwithstanding prompt assistance, sixteen men perished in the flames. They were, doubtless, suffocated by the smoke. Their bodies were charred past all chance of recognition.



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

UNION STATE TICKET.

CANAL COMMISSIONER, THOMAS E. COCHRAN, (of York.)

AUDITOR GENERAL, DARWIN PHELPS, (of Armstrong.)

SURVEYOR GENERAL, D. LAPORTE, (of Bradford.)

The County Commissioners have determined to make an abatement of five per cent. on State and County Taxes for 1856, paid on or before the 28th of June. See advertisement.

Messrs. DOPPER & DAVIS, of Baltimore, Sub-Contractors on the Gettysburg Railroad, have commenced operations on sections four and five, running from Red Hill to New Oxford.

A new post-office has been established, six miles from this place, on the direct route to Hanover. It is called Square Corner, and JACOB NOEL, appointed Postmaster.

CATHERINE THOMAS has been appointed Postmistress at Table Rock, in this county, in the room of Samuel Faber, resigned.

Tavern Licenses.

The following Licenses were granted by the Court last week: Peter Shively, Benjamin Shriver, and Harvey D. Watters, Gettysburg; Isaac Robinson, Fairfield; Jeremiah Johns, John Busbey, Conowingo; David Gooden, Franklin; and Francis J. Wilson, Abbotstown.

The following were continued until the 13th of May, when a Special License Court is to be held:—Win. McLellan & Co., Henry Cobler, Joseph Barker, David Newcomer, Charles Myers, Francis Bream, Mary Brangh, Levi Creps, Conrad Moul, Mary Hildebrand, and Reuben Stem.

The following were continued until the 27th:—Hezekiah Latchaw, Samuel Sadler.

The Legislature adjourned sine die on Tuesday.

In the Senate, the Speaker, (Mr. Platt) resigned his seat; and, on the second ballot, N. B. Browne, of Philadelphia, was elected in his stead.

Six hundred and seventy-one bills and fourteen resolutions have passed and been signed by the Governor.

The storm of Monday last caused considerable damage to shipping in New York, and further northward, attended with loss of life.

There were two feet of snow on the Alleghenies on Wednesday.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting of the WHIGS OF KENTUCKY was held at Lexington on the 12th inst., and a declaration of Whig principles and measures was put forth by them, which command our warmest feelings, and we hope will meet with a response from the Whigs of the Union, who have not grown lukewarm in the good old cause. With the talented and patriotic Editors of the National Intelligencer, we say that "all efforts directed to the efficient re-organization of that party, with which it has so long been the pride of this journal to co-operate, command at once our earnest sympathy and approval. Not having yet brought ourselves to believe that the beneficent agency of the Whig party has been wholly excluded from the sphere of American politics by the more recent political combinations which have for a time paralyzed its vigor, we still abide by the conviction that the 'Old Line Whigs' will not desert the colors which they have so long borne up, and under which, if they did not always command success, they at least enjoyed the elevating conviction of having deserved it."

The history of the Whig party, throughout the whole of its existence, contains a protest against the counsels of those who would be glad to see its members disband in the face of temporary defeat and disappointment. For who is ignorant that the Whig party, even while remaining in the minority, has always exerted a material influence on American politics? It is quite true that its efficiency in measures of national policy has frequently been manifested rather in the preservation of the country from the mischievous tendencies of radical Democracy, than in the successful establishment of any particular system of administrative expedients; yet no one will deny that its influence for good has often been the most signal on precisely those occasions when it has discharged the duties of patriotism with only the greater honor because unwearied by the emolument of office or the temptations of place. Even if fidelity to Whig principles was not calculated to ensure their final acceptance by a majority of the American people, we should be loth to believe that the conservative members of such an organization are prepared to abandon that patriotic function which, even as a "minority party," they have always discharged to the honor and advantage of the country.

An old man named Peter Bond, familiarly known as "Rebecca's Pete," died at the Franklin County Poor-house a few weeks ago. He was about 110 years of age.

Court Doing Last Week.

An unusually large amount of original business was brought before the Grand Jury, as will be seen by the following list:

Commonwealth vs. Wm. McClain. Defendant, a young lad, resides in Oxford township, and was indicted for Larceny, in stealing \$5 from the drawer of Mr. John E. Smith, merchant. Defendant pleaded guilty, and the Court, in consideration of the circumstances of the case, sentenced him to imprisonment of ten days in the County Jail, with the usual order as to costs, &c.

Corn vs. T. H. Weaver—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored by Grand Jury, and prosecutor (Win. Tate) to pay costs.

Corn vs. Wm. Tate—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored by Grand Jury, and prosecutor (Levi Weaver) to pay costs.

Corn vs. Edward Christner—Selling liquor in violation of the Act of 1855. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

Corn vs. Henry Christner—Selling liquor in violation of the Act of 1855. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

Corn vs. Margaret Smith—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Geo. H. Houck) to pay costs.

Corn vs. Nicholas Smith—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Geo. H. Houck) to pay costs.

Corn vs. Andrew Ohler, Levi Murrain, Geo. Houck, Levi Harner, Casus Bowersocks, Andrew Hahn, James Stahl—Riot, &c. Bill ignored and prosecutor (Nicholas Smith) to pay costs.

Corn vs. George Houck—Assault and Battery with intent to kill. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Nicholas Smith) to pay costs.

Corn vs. Benjamin Reed, Lewis McLoughlin, James Sanders, George House—Malicious Mischiefs. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

Corn vs. Benjamin Reed, Lewis McLoughlin, James Sanders, George House—Riot. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

Corn vs. Daniel Lee—Arson. True bill. Case continued.

Corn vs. Ann Dickson—Fornication. True bill. Process awarded.

Corn vs. Henry J. Little—Fornication and Bastardy. True bill. Process awarded.

Corn vs. John Hays—Fornication and Bastardy. True bill. Process awarded.

Corn vs. Jacob Hahn—Adultery. True bill. Case continued.

Corn vs. James McSherry—Assault and Battery. True bill. Case continued.

Corn vs. Mary Ann Hays—Fornication. True bill. Case continued.

IN COMMON PLEAS.

Peter Rhodes vs. the Executors of George Dearford, deceased. Balance alleged to be due for services rendered. Verdict for Plaintiff, \$270 and costs. Counsel for defence filed a motion for a new trial.

Jeremiah Harrigan vs. Jacob Weikert. Appeal from the docket of D. A. Buehler, Esq. Damages claimed under a contract for the sale of the material of an old house. Verdict for Plaintiff, \$7.32 and costs.

Joseph Riddlemoss vs. Joseph Orendorf. Action of Treble Damages for two cows alleged to be the property of Plaintiff. Verdict for Defendants.

On Monday evening last, two men named Martin Kreider and Jacob Frymoyer, residing near Enterprise, Lancaster county, were killed by the Through Mail Train coming in contact with Landis' ware-house, on account of the switch being left open. Their death must have been instantaneous, as they were shockingly mangled and bruised. They were standing on the platform. No other person on the train sustained any injury.

Two young men hired a horse at Frederick on Monday last, drove him from that city to this place and back on that day, a distance of 64 miles. The horse died during the night. Of course.

The steamer Cuba exploded her boilers on the Alabama river on Sunday the 20th. Several deck passengers lost their lives, and the steamer sank.

A little girl, about two years old, was on the track of the railroad near Norristown, on Wednesday, when she was knocked down by the locomotive, and a whole train of cars passed over her. She was a good deal injured, but not seriously. Her escape from instant death seemed almost miraculous.

Mr. James Woods, an elderly man and quite deaf, residing in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, was walking on the railroad track about two miles above Carlisle, on the morning of the 19th, when he was overtaken by the early morning train west, and though every effort was made to stop the train, it passed over him, killing him instantly. The Coroner's inquest acquitted the Conductor and Engineer of all blame.

During the tornado on Saturday week, Miss Rebecca Smith, of West Chester, attempted to close the parlor shutters, and while doing so, the shutter was violently blown to, and the iron bolt struck her on the head, fracturing her skull. The fracture was transverse, and hopes are entertained of her life.

We have important news from the East. Arabia, Mecca and Jeddah are in insurrection—60,000 men being in the field. It was reported that the Allies were about to evacuate Turkey. A fight between the Turks and the Christians had taken place at Nicomedia, and thirty of the latter were killed or wounded. The States of Northern Italy continue in an unsettled condition.

The steamer Cambria sailed from Boston for Liverpool on Wednesday, with half a million of dollars in specie.

The Old Line Whigs.

The National Intelligencer, in alluding to the approaching Presidential contest, says: "They Bide their Time."—We acknowledge the receipt of several letters from subscribers in the country, North and South, inquiring of us "What is the Whig doing?" and "What are the Whigs going to do?" Our quarterly political year having run through a quarter of its course, and other parties being astir—one of them indeed having placed its Presidential candidature in the field—it is not unusual that the old unserving Whigs of the country should begin to feel desirous to learn something of the feelings and intentions of their brother Whigs throughout the Union. We regret that we are not prepared to give any decisive response to the inquiries of our country friends. The expressions of opinion from faithful old Whig organs or from local consultations have as yet been too limited to furnish any distinct clue to the future. It is, therefore, at present, more easy to answer the first interrogatory of our friends than the second. The time will come, doubtless, and that ere long, when the party, if "few are fearless still," will raise their standard and rally round a united power, "prepared to throw their whole weight on the side which justice to their principles and the best interests of the country shall dictate;" a power which will be felt and respected throughout the length and breadth of the land. For the present, therefore, we can say but little more than that "they bide their time;" and this, we take it, is the best thing they can for awhile do—remaining uncommitted until time shall lift the curtain of the future a little higher, then meet in convention and decide upon a common course of action. The Whigs of the steadfast Maryland line are to meet on the 29th instant for consultation. That meeting will be followed perhaps by others, and all succeeded probably by a convention of the fathers in general council. When they shall have spoken, the course of the National Intelligencer will be marked out.

The Large Supply of Herrings.—The Potomac fisheries seem to be yielding an immense number of fish. At Alexandria the market for several days has been glutted, and on Sunday last two heavy cargoes, one of 50,000 and another of 70,000 herrings, were thrown overboard, in consequence of having become heated. Others, says the Gazette, were sold on Saturday last in quantities at \$1, and even below that price. The Gazette further says:—

Most of the herring were caught at the lower landings—the catch there being much greater than at the upper shores. For several days the "river was alive" with herrings, and the seine-haulers kept all the time busily at their work. The demand was not so great as it would have been here, had the break in the canal not taken place—that unfortunate accident prevented the sale of thousands of fish.

On Monday the arrivals were numerous, and the supply far exceeded the demand. Prime herring brought \$3 per thousand, and shad \$2 per hundred. Lots of inferior herring were sold at much lower figures.

Afflicting Dispensation of Providence.—A letter received in Washington, from Mr. Robert Boyd, a well known and respected citizen of Taylor county, Va., dated April 17, states that on Sabbath morning, 6th inst., his youngest son was taken sick, and the same night another son was taken in the same manner. On Monday, the 7th, a daughter, eleven years old, was taken as the others. The youngest boy died at 10 o'clock that day; and on Wednesday, the 9th, the other son and daughter, and were laid in one grave. On the day they were buried, two other children were taken ill, and on the 13th one died, making a loss of four children in one week. But this was only a portion of the cup of bitterness. On the Saturday before the death of his last son, the fires which have been raging so extensively lately in Virginia broke out about two miles from his residence, and in one hour Mr. B. was stripped of all he possessed; house, barn, wheat, hay, oats and corn-crisps. The dying boy was removed hastily to save him from the raging flames, and when brought back there was not a bed to lay him on to die.

The Washington Star says that Senator Douglas's bill for the admission of Kansas, while it will pass the Senate by a large majority, will have a clear majority in the House of Representatives. It provides, that when Kansas has the requisite population, she may enter into the Union with such a Constitution as she may adopt without reference to the slavery question.

It is said that there was never such a time when so many people in N. England were preparing to remove to the West—to all points of the Western States—a large number being destined to Kansas.

The editor of the Philadelphia Christian Chronicle, Bayard, has been fined \$3,000 for a libel on Rev. Mr. Newell, agent for the Baptist Bible Union, in reporting him as having said that "he had no confidence in the common edition of the Bible." The editor offered to prove that Mr. Newell used these words, but the court would not permit him to give the truth in evidence.

A Chloroform Robbery.—Early on Friday last the rooms occupied by Messrs. S. Cherry and A. M. McPheeters, at the National Hotel, in Norfolk, were entered by means of false keys, after the inmates had been subjected to the influence of chloroform and their pockets robbed. Mr. Cherry had about \$100 in his pocket-book, and Mr. McPheeters a smaller sum.

Consumed.—On Thursday morning the large barn on Harrison's Island, Leesburg, Va., was destroyed by fire, with fourteen horses, 50 barrels of corn, and a number of tarring implements owned by Mr. Jacob Loh.

A Lucky Fellow.—The Rogersville (Tennessee) Times has the following: "A short time since a fellow from Buffalo Creek, Cartersburg, was imprisoned in Elizabeth town jail for burning a barn. The citizens of the place, learning that he was from the neighborhood where the small-pox was raging, broke open the jail and turned him out, and then told him if he didn't leave town in fifteen minutes they would tar and feather him."

A Lucky Shot.—During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city and opened a spring. A little footman hobbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and carrying the remainder of the siege, afforded to the thirty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

A Good Hit.

The Harriburg Union contains an excellent "hit" at the expense of the Bank-baiting Democracy. It says:—"While the question was pending in the House on the bill to amend the charter of the Philadelphia Bank, a good hit was made by Mr. Banks, a good hit was made by Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Yearsley. The years and days being called upon the final passage of the bill, several of the Philadelphia delegation found it convenient to withdraw to the rotunda for a short time, and their votes did not, therefore, appear upon the list. As soon as the vote was taken, Mr. McCarthy, seconded by Mr. Yearsley, 'thanked the sergeant-at-arms he instructed to inform the missing members that the "agency was over," and they could return with safety.' Of course the amendment was brought down the House."

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A Chloroform Robbery.—Early on Friday last the rooms occupied by Messrs. S. Cherry and A. M. McPheeters, at the National Hotel, in Norfolk, were entered by means of false keys, after the inmates had been subjected to the influence of chloroform and their pockets robbed. Mr. Cherry had about \$100 in his pocket-book, and Mr. McPheeters a smaller sum.

Consumed.—On Thursday morning the large barn on Harrison's Island, Leesburg, Va., was destroyed by fire, with fourteen horses, 50 barrels of corn, and a number of tarring implements owned by Mr. Jacob Loh.

A Lucky Fellow.—The Rogersville (Tennessee) Times has the following: "A short time since a fellow from Buffalo Creek, Cartersburg, was imprisoned in Elizabeth town jail for burning a barn. The citizens of the place, learning that he was from the neighborhood where the small-pox was raging, broke open the jail and turned him out, and then told him if he didn't leave town in fifteen minutes they would tar and feather him."

A Lucky Shot.—During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city and opened a spring. A little footman hobbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and carrying the remainder of the siege, afforded to the thirty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

Prices Falling.

For the first time in many months we see that common to good New-York State wheat is quoted by wholesale at a fraction under \$2 dollars a barrel. "When the channels of communication with the interior are fully open an avalanche of breadstuffs and provisions will be down upon us; and as a demand from abroad is diminished except at reduced rates, there is a fair chance that consumers will yet reap some benefit from the immense crops of last year. The farmers, millers, and dealers have had their chance; the consumers will now have theirs. Much, however, will depend upon the prospects of the growing crops, which thus far, so far as we have learned, are generally favorable."

Ministerial.—The authorities of the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville, Kentucky, have unanimously called Rev. Stuart Robinson, of the Central Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, to accept of their pastorate. Dr. Robinson, however, declines leaving his large congregation there. The Associate Reformed church (late Dr. Duncan's) held a meeting a few weeks since, and requested Rev. John Chambers, the well known divine of Philadelphia, to become their pastor. At their next meeting, however, Dr. Chambers' declination was read. Rev. O. H. Tiffany, of Dickinson College, has been lately occupying the pulpit, in connection with Rev. Dr. Snodgrass.

The Rev. George B. Jewett, late a professor in Amherst college, but for the last year pastor of a church at Nashua, (N. H.) was visited with a sad affliction on Tuesday week. Whilst, in a carriage with his wife and only child, a boy eight years old, he was crossing the Concord railroad, track in Nassau, his horse became frightened and backed upon an approaching freight train, by which the horse was killed; the carriage crushed, and its inmates terribly mangled. The child lost an arm and leg, and died the same evening. Mr. Jewett, besides receiving internal injuries, had his right ankle crushed so as to require the amputation of his leg, and it was feared he will not recover. Mrs. Jewett had her left hand crushed, a portion of which has been amputated; her other bodily injuries were not severe. Mr. Jewett is a brother to John P. Jewett, of Boston, and of Charles B. Jewett, late of this city. — *Nat. Intell.*

In the Boston Municipal Court, Saturday, among others, was a man named Spaine, who committed an assault which rendered him liable to the House of Correction. A bright boy of about nine years appeared in the court room, early in the morning, to plead for his father, and was directed by a kind hearted officer to the Judge (Huntington), to whom, in a style of natural eloquence but rarely heard without in the walls of that court-room, he pleaded for mercy for his father, saying if the Judge would only let him off that time, his mother and he would make sure that he did not "do naughty" any more. The father, blessed with such a promising and affectionate child, was finally let off with a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment in the common jail.

The Rockport Register gives the particulars of a singular case of resuscitation after supposed death, in that city: A child had, to all appearances, died, and was laid out in its little winding sheet upon a board in an upper room, while the other preparations were going forward for the funeral. The sexton was notified and the grave dug. Some time after the father went into the room where the child was, and was astonished at its calling him by name, and complaining that it did not lie good. Of course the little sufferer was supplied with a better bed at once. It had evidently fallen into a trance, from which it was awakened by a hard bed and cold air.

Trade Sailed and Paired off the Penitence in Norfolk.—The New York Times says the following is an extract from a business letter, dated Norfolk, April 14, and addressed to a gentleman in New York: "The appearance of warm weather, with the low prices prevalent for grain, our main dependence, makes

The War in Florida.

On the afternoon of the 31st inst. a party of Florida volunteers overtook the Indians (seven in number) who on the 31st ultimo, attacked Dr. Braden's residence and plantation on the Manatee and carried off some of his negroes and mules. The Indians were encamped on the south bank of the Big Charley Apopka Creek, and appeared to be confident of safety. When they were discovered a portion of the volunteers crossed the creek, whilst the remainder halted on the opposite side, thus surrounding the Indians. A party of the volunteers then advanced and fired a volley at the Indians, by which two of them were shot. The other five immediately threw themselves into the river, and are supposed to have been drowned. The two Indians who fell at the first fire were scalped. The party then buried the Indian baggage and started towards Manatee with the negroes and mules, and also one of the scalped Indians, who was not dead. He had not proceeded far, however, before he fell, and was shot. One of the scalps was sent to Manatee and the other to Tampa for the examination of the curious. Against the barbarous act of scalping these Indians the Savannah Republican humanely and eloquently protests.

"The scalping-knife (it says) is the legitimate weapon of the savage; the untutored child of the forest, into whose mind has never been reflected the light of civilization and humanity; it has no place in the hands of the Christian warrior. Let the savage be as cruel and merciless as he may, it does not become us to retaliate by imitating his barbarities. We had hoped that the page in our country's history which records the fact that an American soldier had mutilated the dead body of his fallen foe would never be written. Such an occurrence is a disgrace to us as a people, and we trust we may never be called to chronicle its repetition."

Frozen, and Deyozed by Wolves.

The death of Dr. F. N. Ripley is one of the most melancholy occurrences of the past season. The doctor, in company with a Mr. McClelland, left Glenora, about the last of February, for the purpose of locating a road to the new town of Forestville. They lost their way on the prairie, but when they reached Round Lake, five miles from the proposed town. Here the doctor sank down exhausted, and would move no further, despite every exertion of his companion to induce him to proceed. Mr. McClelland succeeded in reaching a deserted cabin at Forestville, where he remained in a faubling condition twenty days, until the arrival of a party of surveyors who were to follow him and the doctor. Mr. McClelland was taken to Shakoneg, by the company, and is now under the care of physicians at that place. Both of his feet were so badly frozen, as to render amputation necessary above the ankles. The remains of Dr. Ripley have been recovered, partly devoured by the wolves. The doctor was much esteemed by all who knew him. He was about 28 years of age, and a native of the State of New York.—*St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer, April 1.*

Death of a Son of Molly Pitcher.

The Carlisle (Pa.) Democrat notices the death in that place, on Thursday week, of Sergeant John L. Hays, an old resident of Carlisle and a soldier of the war of 1812. Sergeant Hays was born on the day of the battle of Lexington, and was consequently 85 years old. He was the son of Molly Pitcher, who distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth, and of whom the "Life of Washington" gives the following account:—"It was during this part of the battle, when Lee was struggling nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him, that an Irishman, while serving at his gun, was shot down. His wife, Molly, but twenty-two years old, employed herself, while he loaded and fired his piece, in bringing water from a spring near by. While returning with a supply she saw him fall and heard the commanding officer order the gun to be taken to the rear. She immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last."

The next morning General Greene, who had been struck with his bravery, presented her to General Washington, who immediately promoted her to be sergeant, and afterwards put her name on the half-pay list for life. Previous to this she died the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Mifflin.

At the close of the Revolution Molly took up her residence in Carlisle, where she was known as Molly McCowley. She lived to an advanced age, much respected by all, and was buried with military honors.

The Moravian Church.

Among the various Christian denominations, there is, perhaps, none more unpretending than the Moravian. Its ministry and membership seem to move forward in their particular work without any effort at noise or show.

They are comparatively few as to numbers; yet, in proportion to their strength, no denomination has accomplished as much as they have in self-denying labors to spread the gospel, especially on the foreign field. A very large proportion of their ministry is made up of missionaries, many of whom are to be found opening their energies and their lives for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the most unimproving portions of heathenism. They deserve great respect and praise for what they have already done and are still doing, and will doubtless receive their reward, if not in this world, at least in the world to come. They have ever been the fast friends of education, as their flourishing schools of long standing at such places as Bethlehem and Lititz fully testify. They have also had their periodicals, both in the German and English languages, regularly issued for a considerable length of time, which have always been full indices of their intelligence, piety and great activity, especially on the missionary field. A paper devoted to the interests of the church, has lately been commenced in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Albert B. Seavick, formerly of this city, as one of the editors.—*Lawe Examiner.*

George S. Chase, of Walpole, presented Rebecca Cook, up in Vermont, with a gold watch and chain, and afterwards wanted to get them back, which proposition she rejected. He then intimated that "he was a thief, and the lady then brought him to justice. It was left out, and the referee gave her \$500 damages and costs."

An Awful Scene.

The London Times, giving an account of the execution of a man in front of Newgate, for the murder of his wife and children, says:—"When the signal was given, the chair on which the wretched man was seated, of course gave way with the drop, and consequently the fall was not nearly so great as it is under ordinary circumstances; and at this dreadful moment the prisoner attempted to carry out the desperate struggle for life which he had evidently contemplated. The sound of the falling drop had scarcely died away when there was a shriek from the crowd of 'He is up again,' and to the horror of every one it was found that the prisoner, by a strong muscular effort, had drawn himself up completely to the level of the drop, that both his feet were resting upon the edge of it and he was vainly endeavoring to raise his hands to the rope."

One of the officers immediately rushed upon the scaffold, and pushed the wretched man's feet from their hold, but in an instant, by a violent effort, he threw himself to the other side, and again succeeded in getting both of his feet on the edge of the drop. Calcraft, who had left the scaffold imagining that all was over, was called back; he seized the wretched criminal, but it was with considerable difficulty that he forced him from the scaffold, and he was again suspended.

The short relief the wretched man had obtained from the pressure of the rope by these desperate efforts had probably enabled him to breathe, and to the astonishment and terror of all the spectators, he a third time succeeded in placing his feet upon the platform, and again with his hand vainly attempted to reach the fatal cord. Calcraft and two or three other men then again forced the wretched man's feet from their hold, and his legs were held down until the final struggle was over. While this fearful scene was being enacted, the bells of the different neighboring churches were ringing merrily upon the announcement of peace, offering a sad contrast to the melancholy proceeding.

Unexpected Recovery.

About thirty-nine years ago, the late Charles Gassaway, of Loudoun county, Va., while on his way to Winchester, stopped for the night at a hotel on the mountain above Snickersville. In the morning, after he had proceeded some distance on his way, he discovered that his pocket book, containing four hundred dollars, was gone. He returned to the hotel, where he and the proprietor of the house made due search; but the money was not found. Some time afterwards, he indirectly heard that the money had been found by an individual who was at the hotel that night, but his whereabouts could not be ascertained.

After Mr. G's death his executor, F. W. Laekert, of this town, took the matter in hand and lately found out the residence of the party in a Western State, where he had accumulated a handsome property, probably from the start given by this \$400. One day last week two sons of the individual who found the money, called upon Mr. L. and compromised it with him by paying seven hundred and twelve dollars. So, gentlemen, you who have lost your pocket books, don't despair until thirty-nine years have elapsed.—*Leesburg Washingtonian.*

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

The New York Mirror says that Dr. Cunningham, an eminent surgeon of that city, has recently performed an operation for neuralgia of an almost incredible character. The patient had been tortured with neuralgia in the face for seven years, and had submitted to various treatments by distinguished physicians and surgeons without obtaining permanent relief. Dr. Cunningham undertook the novel and hazardous operation of trepanning the cheek bone and chiseling out the root of the inflamed nerve which caused all the suffering. This he accomplished with the aid of chloroform, the operation lasting nearly one hour. When the nerve was cut off the patient jumped up mechanically; but on recovering his consciousness he had no memory of the pain. He is now doing well; and for the first time in many years can eat and sleep in peace.

TRIAL OF A MAN FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE.—*Sudden Appearance of the Wife in the Court Room.*—At Cleveland, on Saturday last, an examination took place before B. Q. Hessemauer, of Michael Wyngert, for the murder of his wife. This prosecution was induced by the sudden appearance of the woman about six weeks since, and it was supposed, from the habitual ill-treatment to which she was subjected, that she had been murdered. No trace of her could be found, and the statement of the defendant confirmed the suspicion. The evidence had been heard, and though it was circumstantial, the probability of the murder was strongly sustained.

At this juncture—the court room being densely crowded by excited spectators—the woman alleged to have been murdered made her appearance, to the great surprise and gratification of all, and especially of the culprit on trial. The woman had abandoned her legal bond, and sought the asylum for the poor at the lunatic asylum, where, sick and forlorn, she had received care and cure. She, of course, was totally ignorant of the charge of murder against her husband, and it was only by accident that the intelligence came to those who were cognizant of the trial, and she was sought out and produced at the Court to the pleasant astonishment of all concerned.

Making Love by Rule.—We never had much faith in making love by set rules and calculation. We never believed in the magical process of inspiring the tender passion. But Professor Bandout, of New York, decides against us, and all the world is running after his new book of "Matrimony made Easy." It instructs the reader how to make the woman of his choice fall in love with him. It enables him to win her heart and hand, and to make himself happy. Such things used to be considered impossible; but live and learn is our motto.—"Give and learn." See advertisement in another column.

Horrible Accident in the Crimea.—On the night of March 17th a shocking accident occurred on the slope above Kanika in the burning of some wooden huts, occupied by men of the commissariat war corps. Notwithstanding prompt assistance, sixteen men perished in the flames. They were, doubtless, suffocated by the smoke. Their bodies were charred past all chance of recognition.



MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1856.

COMMONWEALTH vs. Wm. McCLAIN. Defendant, a young lad, resides in Oxford township, and was indicted for Larceny, in stealing \$5 from the drawer of Mr. John E. Smith, merchant. Defendant pleads guilty, and the Court, in consideration of all the circumstances of the case, sentenced him to an imprisonment of ten days in the County Jail, with the usual order as to costs, &c.

Commonwealth vs. Levi Weaver—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored by Grand Jury, and prosecutor (Wm. Tate) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Wm. Tate—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored by Grand Jury, and prosecutor (Levi Weaver) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Chronister—Selling liquor in violation of the Act of 1855. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

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Commonwealth vs. Margaret Smith—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Geo. H. Houck) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Nicholas Smith—Assault and Battery. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Geo. H. Houck) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Oslin, Levi Murrain, Geo. Houck, Levi Harnes, Cassius Bowersocks, Andrew Hahn, James Stahl—Riot, &c. Bill ignored and prosecutor (Nicholas Smith) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. George Houck—Assault and Battery with intent to kill. Bill ignored, and prosecutor (Nicholas Smith) to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Benjamin Reed, Lewis McLaughlin, James Sanders, George House—Malicious Mischief. Bill ignored and County to pay costs.

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Commonwealth vs. Daniel Lee—Arson. True bill. Case continued.

Commonwealth vs. Ann Dickson—Fornication. True bill. Process awarded.

Commonwealth vs. Henry J. Little—Fornication and Bastardy. True bill. Process awarded.

Commonwealth vs. John Heagy—Fornication and Bastardy. True bill. Process awarded.

Commonwealth vs. Jacob Hahn—Adultery. True bill. Case continued.

Commonwealth vs. James McSherry—Assault and Battery. True bill. Case continued.

Commonwealth vs. Mary Ann Hafer—Fornication. True bill. Case continued.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Rhodes vs. the Executors of George Deardorff, deceased. Balance alleged to be due for services rendered. Verdict for Plaintiff, \$210 and costs. Counsel for defence filed a motion for a new trial.

Jeremiah Harrigan vs. Jacob Weikert. Appeal from the docket of D. A. Buehler, Esq. Damages claimed under a contract for the sale of the material of an old house. Verdict for Plaintiff, \$7.52 and costs.

Joseph Kiddlemeyer vs. Joseph Orendoff, Jeremiah Orendoff and Daniel Trede. Action of Trover & Conversion for two cows alleged to be the property of Plaintiff. Verdict for Defendants.

On Monday evening last, two men named Martin Kreider and Jacob Frymoyer, residing near Enterprise, Lancaster county, were killed by the Through Mail Train coming in contact with Landis' ware-house, on account of the switch being left open. Their death must have been instantaneous, as they were shockingly mangled and bruised. They were standing on the platform. No other person on the train sustained any injury.

Two young men hired a horse at Frederick on Monday last, drove him from that city to this place and back on that day, a distance of 64 miles. The horse died during the night. Of course.

The steamer Cuka exploded her boilers on the Alabama river on Sunday the 20th. Several deck passengers lost their lives, and the steamer sank.

A little girl, about two years old, was on the track of the railroad near Norristown, on Wednesday, when she was knocked down by the locomotive, and a whole train of cars passed over her. She was a good deal injured, but not seriously. Her escape from instant death seemed almost miraculous.

Mr. James Woods, an elderly man and quite deaf, residing in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, was walking on the railroad track about two miles above Carlisle, on the morning of the 19th, when he was overtaken by the early morning train west, and though every effort was made to stop the train, it passed over him, killing him instantly. The Coroner's inquest acquitted the Conductor and Engineer of all blame.

During the tornado on Saturday week, Miss Rebecca Smith, of West Chester, attempted to close the parlor shutters, and while doing so the shutter was violently blown to, and the iron bolt struck her on the head, fracturing her skull. The fracture was trepanned, and hopes are entertained of her life.

We have important news from the East. Aralia, Mecca and Jedidah are in insurrection—60,000 men being in the field. It was reported that the Allies were about to evacuate Turkey. A fight between the Turks and the Christians had taken place at Nisibedia, and thirty of the latter were killed or wounded. The States of Northern Italy continue in an unquiet condition.

The steamer Cambria sailed from Boston for Liverpool on Wednesday, with half a million of dollars in specie.

Court Doings Last Week.

An unusually large amount of criminal business was brought before the Grand Jury, as will be seen by the following list:

Commonwealth vs. Wm. McCLAIN. Defendant, a young lad, resides in Oxford township, and was indicted for Larceny, in stealing \$5 from the drawer of Mr. John E. Smith, merchant. Defendant pleads guilty, and the Court, in consideration of all the circumstances of the case, sentenced him to an imprisonment of ten days in the County Jail, with the usual order as to costs, &c.

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The Old Line Whigs.

The National Intelligence, in alluding to the approaching Presidential contest, says:—"They Bole their Time."—We acknowledge the receipt of several letters from subscribers in the country, North and South, inquiring of us "What are the Whigs doing?" and "What are the Whigs going to do?" Our quarrelsome political year having run through a quarter of its course, and other parties being astir—one of them indeed having placed its Presidential candidate in the field—it is not unnatural that the old unserving Whigs of the country should begin to feel desirous to learn something of the feelings and intentions of their brother Whigs throughout the Union. We regret that we are not prepared to give any decisive response to the inquiries of our country friends. The expressions of opinion from faithful old Whigs organs or from local consultations have as yet been too limited to furnish any distinct clue to the future. It is, therefore, at present, more easy to answer the first interrogatory of our friends than the second. The time will come, doubtless, and that ere long, when the party, if "few are fearless still," will raise their standard and rally round a united power, "prepared to throw their whole weight on the side which justice to their principles and the best interests of the country shall dictate;" a power which will be felt and respected throughout the length and breadth of the land. For the present, therefore, we can say but little more than that "they bide their time;" and this, we take it, is the best thing they can for awhile do—remaining uncommitted until time shall lift the curtain of the future a little higher, then meet in convention and decide upon a common course of action. The Whigs of the steadfast Maryland line are to meet on the 29th instant for consultation. That meeting will be followed perhaps by others, and all will succeed probably by a convention of the fathers in general council. When they shall have spoken, the course of the National Intelligence will be made out."

Where the Money Goes.

The imports of merchandise at New York continue very large, and the total for the week ending the 19th instant is far in excess of the amount for the corresponding week last year. The largest item is sugar, nearly \$700,000. We give the totals for the week and for the period since January 1st:

	1855.	1856.
Dry Goods	\$465,503	\$1,030,398
General Merchandise	1,292,890	3,117,808
Total	\$1,758,393	\$4,148,206
Previously reported	38,127,455	60,322,355

Total since Jan. 1, \$39,885,748 \$64,471,061. Included in the imports are \$125,825 in coffee, \$18,526 in china, \$82,450 in cigars, \$11,679 in lemons, \$16,278 in nuts, \$29,035 in oranges, \$15,736 in raisins, \$58,692 in furs, \$11,527 in jewelry, \$140,516 in brandy, \$10,561 in gin, \$28,579 in paperhangings, \$189,012 in tea, \$16,469 in tobacco, \$58,692 in watches, \$29,554 in unspecified wines, \$15,713 in champagne; and the exports (exclusive of specie) for the week are also large, but the increase is not as great as is shown in the imports.

Fourteen Houses Destroyed by Fire.—Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock on Friday night a fire broke out in Federal street, near Laocok, in Allegheny city, Pa. The buildings in the square were all frames, and of course the fire spread rapidly. Within the short space of three hours fourteen dwellings were burnt to the ground, and as many families shelterless. The first house discovered on fire belonged to John Cowling. Its contents were destroyed and the family had a narrow escape. The entire loss is about \$25,000.

Accounts from Fort Laramie to 14th of March state that news had been received direct from Gen. Harney. He had made peace with the Sioux Indians, except one band of Yanconies, numbering 80 lodges. The Pawnees and Sioux are to make peace immediately. The Cheyennes, Arapahoos, and Pawnees are also soon to smother the pipe of peace. This will insure a general pacification of almost all the tribes east of the mountains and south of the Missouri. Among the provisions in the treaty concluded by Gen. Harney is one which stipulates that the Indians shall keep off the road, an important step towards preventing future collisions.

Spring Vegetables.—We notice that our markets already present new potatoes and tomatoes, brought from Bermuda, several vessels having arrived at this port within a few days, bringing these desirable articles. As yet they sell at such prices that the sales are limited. The tomatoes are sold at \$1 per dozen, and the potatoes at \$1 50 per peck. In a short time the south will furnish these articles more abundantly, until which time appetite with these who are in more limited circumstances will patiently wait. The potatoes are fine, but the tomatoes, having been taken from the vines in a green state, are deprived of the natural flavor that of that beautiful and delicious vegetable.

A man named Wm. A. Greentrake, was convicted a few days ago at Pittsburg, of seduction of Miss Mary S. Murray, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years. Good.

Two prisoners, named John Gross and Andrew Brown, sentenced to the Penitentiary, escaped from the Chambersburg prison on the night of the 16th. They effected their exit by burning out a space in the floor of the room in which they were confined, with the rods of a stove, sufficiently large to admit them through to the cellar, and bursting open a number of doors leading to the street. They have not been heard of since.

A Good Hit.

The Harrisburg Union contains an excellent "hit" at the expense of the Bank-bating Democracy. It says:—"While the question was pending in the House on the bill to extend the charter of the Philadelphia Banks, a good hit was made by Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Yearsley. The years and mays being called upon the final passage of the bill, several of the Philadelphia delegation found it convenient to withdraw to the rotunda for a short time, and their votes did not, therefore, appear upon the list. As soon as the vote was taken, Mr. McCarthy, seconded by Mr. Yearsley, 'moved that the sergeant-at-arms be instructed to inform the missing members that the 'agony was over,' and they could return with safety.' Of course the amendment was not in order, but the hit was palpable, and 'brought down the House'."

The Large Supply of Herrings.—The Potomac fisheries seem to be yielding an immense number of fish. At Alexandria the market for several days has been glutted, and on Sunday last two heavy cargoes, one of 50,000 and another of 70,000 herring, were thrown overboard, in consequence of having become heated. Others, says the Gazette, were sold on Saturday last in quantities at \$1, and even below that price. The Gazette further says:

Most of the herring were caught at the lower landings—the catch there being much greater than at the upper shores. For several days the "river was alive" with herrings, and the seine haulers kept all the time busily at their work. The demand was not so great as it would have been here, had the break in the canal not taken place—that unfortunate accident prevented the sale of thousands of fish.

On Monday the arrivals were numerous, and the supply far exceeded the demand. Prime herring brought \$3 per thousand, and shad \$3 per hundred. Lots of inferior herring were sold at much lower figures.

Affecting Dispensation of Providence.—A letter received in Washington, from Mr. Robert Boyd, a well known and respected citizen of Taylor county, Va., dated April 17, states that on Sabbath morning, 6th inst., his youngest son was taken sick, and the same night another son was taken in the same manner. On Monday, the 7th, a daughter, eleven years old, was taken as the others. The youngest boy died at 10 o'clock on that day; and on Wednesday, the 9th, the other son and daughter, and were laid in one grave. On the day they were buried, two other children were taken ill, and on the 13th one died, making a loss of four children in one week. But this was only a portion of the cup of bitterness.

On the Saturday before the death of his last son, the fires which have been raging so extensively lately in Virginia broke out about two miles from his residence, and in one hour Mr. B. was stripped of all he possessed; house, barn, wheat, hay, oats and corn-cribs. The dying boy was removed hastily to save him from the raging flames, and when brought back there was not a bed to lay him on to die.

The Washington Star says that Senator Douglas's bill for the admission of Kansas, while it will pass the Senate by a large majority, will have a clear majority in the House of Representatives. It provides, that when Kansas has the requisite population, she may enter into the Union with such a Constitution as she may adopt without reference to the slavery question.

It is said that there was never such a time when so many people in N. England were preparing to remove to the West—to all points of the Western States—a large number being destined to Kansas.

The editor of the Philadelphia Christian Chronicle, Baptist, has been fined \$3,000 for a libel on Rev. Mr. Newell, agent for the Baptist Bible Union, in reporting him as having said that "he had no confidence in the common edition of the Bible." The editor offered to prove that Mr. Newell used these words, but the court would not permit him to give the truth in evidence.

A Chloroform Robbery.—Early on Friday last the rooms occupied by Messrs. S. Cherry and A. M. McPheters, at the National Hotel, in Norfolk, were entered by means of false keys, after the inmates had been subjected to the influence of chloroform and their pockets robbed. Mr. Cherry had about \$100 in his pocket-book, and Mr. McPheters a smaller sum.

Consumed.—On Thursday morning the large barn on Harrison's Island, Leesburg, Va., was destroyed by fire, with fourteen horses, 30 barrels of corn, and a number of farming implements owned by Mr. Jacob Ish.

A Lucky Fellow.—The Rogersville (Tennessee) Times has the following:—"A short time since a fellow from Buffalo Creek, Carter county, was imprisoned in Elizabeth town jail for burning a barn. The citizens of the place, learning that he was from the neighborhood where the small-pox was raging, broke open the jail and turned him out, and then told him if he didn't leave town in fifteen minutes they would tar and feather him."

A Lucky Shot.—During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

Prices Falling.

For the first time in many months we see that common to good New York State flour is quoted by wholesale at a fraction under six dollars a barrel. When the channels of communication with the interior are fully open an avalanche of breadstuffs and provisions will be down upon us; and, as a demand from abroad is diminished except at reduced rates, there is a fair chance that consumers will yet reap some benefit from the immense crops of last year. The farmers, millers, and dealers have had their chance; the consumers will now have theirs. Much, however, will depend upon the prospects of the growing crops, which thus far, so far as we have learned, are generally favorable.

Ministerial.—The authorities of the Second Presbyterian church of Louisville, Kentucky, have unanimously called Rev. Stuart Robinson, of the Central Presbyterian church, Baltimore, to accept of their pastorate. Dr. Robinson, however, declines leaving his large congregation there. The Associate Reformed church (late Dr. Duncan's) held a meeting a few weeks since, and requested Rev. John Chambers, the well known divine of Philadelphia, to become their pastor. At their next meeting, however, Dr. Chambers' declination was read. Rev. O. H. Tiffany, of Dickinson College, has been lately occupying the pulpit, in connection with Rev. Dr. Stockton.

The Rev. George B. Jewett, late a professor in Amherst college, but for the last year pastor of a church at Nashua, (N. H.) was visited with a sad affliction on Tuesday week. Whilst, in a carriage with his wife and only child, a boy eight years old, he was crossing the Concord railroad track in Nassau, his horse became frightened and backed upon an approaching freight train, by which the horse was killed, the carriage crushed, and its inmates terribly mangled.

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